4 4 4 4 . c 4 2

RUNIC ODES

FROM THE

NORSE TONGUE.

From the Author.

RUNIC ODES

FROM THE

NORSE TONGUE.

ΣΟΦΙ—

—ΑΝ ΕΝ ΜΥΧΟΙΣΙ ΠΙΕΡΙΔΩΝ.

PIND. PYTH. 6.

By THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET, in PALL MALL,

By J. COOPER, No. 31, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

M.DCC.XC.

B L

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE curious remains of the moſt remote Northern Antiquity are taken from the Treatiſe of Bartholinus on the cauſes of the contempt of death among the Danes.

They are attempted from the originals, in that manner which Mr. Gray conceived as beſt adapted to transfuſe the wild ſpirit of Norſe poetry into the Engliſh language.

> *Numeros* animoſque ſecutus
> ARCHILOCHI, *non verba.*

The literal Latin tranſlation of the two firſt Odes is ſubjoined, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who may wiſh to obſerve how the radical poſitions and ideas may be expanded in conformity to the genius of theſe prophetic ſcriptures of the North [a].

[a] For a farther account of this Mythology, the Northern Antiquities of Mr. Mallet (tranſlated in two volumes octavo) may be conſulted.

ODE I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Twilight of the Gods, in the Northern Mythology, is that period when Lok, the Evil Being, ſhall break his confinement; the Human Race, the Stars, and the Sun, ſhall diſappear; the Earth ſink in the Seas, and Fire conſume the Skies: even Odin himſelf, and all his kindred Gods, ſhall periſh.

The following ODE contains a Deſcription of the Events which, according to this dark Mythology, will precede the Deſtruction of the World.

RUNIC ODES.

ODE I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM the chambers of the Eaſt,
In robes of terror grimly dreſt,
Ymir[b] hath his courſe begun,
Rival of th' unwearied ſun.
Now, in many a gliſt'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath,
The ſerpent dread[c] of dateleſs birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth;

[b] From Ymir were deſcended all the families of the giants. EDDA.

[c] In the Edda, a ſerpent is ſuppoſed to ſurround the earth.

And, as charm'd by pow'rful ſpell,
Ocean heaves with furious ſwell.
The plumed monarch whets his beak,
Seeking where his wrath to wreak;
Till on the plain with corſes ſtrew'd
He ſates his maw with bleeding food:
While the veſſel's [d] floating pride
Stems duration's rounding tide.

Trace again the ſolemn rhyme;
From Orient's ever-teeming clime
I ſee them come [e], an evil race,
Bold in heart and ſtern in face;
In turbulent array they ſweep,
Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep;
Fierce they ruſh, yet all obey
Monarch Lok's reſiſtleſs ſway.
Gaunt and wild with ſavage howl,
Mark the wolfiſh Fenris prowl;
With him ſtalks a furious train,
Panting for th' enſanguin'd plain:

[d] In the poetry of the North, the earth is ſtiled, "The "veſſel that floats on ages." I have made uſe of this paraphraſe for the *Nagel fara*, or ſhip of the Gods, here mentioned.

[e] The Muſpelli, a ſort of Genii.

Is Beliep's brother left behind?
No:—he flies on wings of wind.

Knowſt thou what is done above?
No more in halls of joy and love
The favour'd gueſts, profuſe of ſoul,
Drain the ſkull or nectar'd bowl:
What Genii ſhake that nodding frame?
Theſe are deeds without a name.
Struck with elemental jar,
Gods themſelves come forth to war:
From the many-manſion'd dome
Giant tenants looſen'd roam,
And around each rock-hewn cell,
With heaving groan or fearful yell,
Declare what uncontrolled pow'r
Preſiding rules the mortal hour:
Theſe no acts of joy and love—
Knowſt thou now what's done above?

From the regions of the South
Surtur[f] burſts with fiery mouth;

[f] The prince of the Genii of fire.

High o'er yonder black'ning ſhade
Gleams the hallow'd ſun-bright blade,
Which in ſtar-beſpangled field,
Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.
From Vengeance' red celeſtial ſtore
Miniſters of ruin pour;
Caverns yawning, mountains rending:
Conſcious of the fate impending,
Ydraſil's prophetic aſh
Nods to the air with ſudden craſh:
Monſtrous female forms advance,
Stride the ſteed, and couch the lance:
Armed heroes throng the plain,
Harbingers of Hela's[g] reign;
And ſee, from either verge of Heav'n,
That concave vaſt aſunder riv'n.

Why does beauteous Lina[h] weep?
Whence thoſe lorn notes in accent deep?
A day of war!—prepare, prepare:
Aloft in diſtant realms of air,

[g] The Goddeſs of Death.

[h] The ſpouſe of Odin.

Mark

Mark the murd'rous monſter[i] ſtalk
In printleſs majeſty of walk.
Odin fearleſs meets the ſhock,
While Heav'n's high tow'rs around him rock;
Though arm'd in panoply divine,
He yields, and owns the fated ſign;
To the manſions drear he turns—
In vain the beauteous Lina mourns.

Glowing with paternal fire,
Generous rage and fierce deſire,
See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
His ſanguine courſe unfault'ring hold.
In vain 'gainſt him in fell accord
Giant forms uplift the ſword;
He locks his foe in iron ſleep,
And ſtamps the filial vengeance deep.

Think not yet the meaſure full,
Or the ſword with carnage dull;
Lodina's glory, heart and hand,
Joins the fight and takes his ſtand.

[i] The wolf Fenris, by whom Odin was ſlain.

Lo!

Lo! in many a horrid turn,
Creſt that gliſtens, eyes that burn,
The lordly ſerpent rolls along,
Nor fears the brave, nor heeds the ſtrong:
But hark, 'twas Fate in thunder ſpoke;
Vidar deals the daring ſtroke,
Lays the death-doom'd monſter low,
And triumphs o'er his burniſh'd foe.

From the cavern deep and dank,
Bonds that burſt, and chains that clank,
Proclaim the grieſly form canine
Looſen'd from his long confine:
Garmar[k] foams with rage and ſhame;
Garmar, to gods no fearleſs name.

Signs abroad portentous low'r;
'Tis Deſolation's fatal hour:
Fiery ſhapes the æther wing;
Surtur calls; they know their king.
Dark encircling clouds abſorb
The luſtre of light's central orb;

[k] Immediately previous to the deſtruction of the world, the Edda ſuppoſes that the Stygian Dog, named Garmar, will be unbound.

Conſcious

Conſcious ſtars no more diſpenſe
Their gently beaming influence,
But burſting from their ſhaken ſphere,
Unſubſtantial diſappear.
No more this penſile mundane ball
Rolls through the wide aëreal hall;
Ingulphed ſinks the vaſt machine.
Who ſhall ſay, THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!

ODE

ODE II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

ARGUMENT.

THE Gods (or Dæmones) meet on the Top of Mount Inda, and ſing the following prophetic Song of Triumph.

ODE II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

NOW the Spirit's plaſtic might
Brooding o'er the formleſs deep,
O'er the duſk abyſm of night,
Bids Creation ceaſe to ſleep.

Inſtant from the riven main
Starts the renovated earth;
Pine-clad mountain, ſhaded plain;
See, 'tis Nature's ſecond birth.

Gods on Inda ſpread the board;
Such was the ſupreme decree:
Swell the ſtrains in full accord,
Strains of holieſt harmony.

" Pour the ſparkling beverage high;
" Be the ſong with horror fraught:
" Lab'ring[l] earth, and ruin'd ſky,
" Fix the ſoul in ſolemn thought.

" Odin next inſpire the verſe,
" Gor'd by the relentleſs fang[m];
" Æther felt the conflict fierce,
" Dying groan and parting pang.

" Where is now his vaunted might?
" Where the terror of his eye?
" Fled for aye from ſcenes of light:
" Pour the ſparkling beverage high.

" Lo! they fleet in radiant round
" Years of plenty, years of joy:
" Sorrow's place no more is found,
" Cares that vex, or ſweets that cloy.

" From the kindly teeming ſoil
" Ripen'd harveſts wave unſown;
" Wherefore need the peaſants toil?
" Nature works, and works alone.

[l] Alluding to the preceding Ode.

[m] Fenris, by whom Odin was ſlain.

" Aſk

" Aſk you whoſe the ſcepter'd ſway?
" 'Tis to lordly Balder giv'n:
" Mark him there in bright array
" Stalking through the halls of heav'n.

" Hoder holds united reign;
" Lateſt times their ſtrength ſhall prove,
" Monarchs of the bleak domain.
" Knowſt thou now what's done above?

" Is it bleſt deluſion's hour?
" Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance?
" Beams of glory round me ſhow'r;
" Troops of radiant forms advance.

" Founded on that firm-ſet rock,
" Riſing view the dome of gold[n],
" Fix'd ſecure from wintry ſhock:
" There the good, and there the bold.

" High in tracts of troubled air
" Juſtice waves her awful ſword:
" Vice appall'd, with hideous ſtare,
" Shrinks ere ſpoke the dooming word.

[n] *Gimli*, the palace of the bleſt; called otherwiſe *Vingolf*, the palace of friendſhip.

" Conſcience comes, a tort'ring fiend,
" Bids his minions round him roll;
" Fell Remorſe, the breaſt to rend,
" Agony, to ſtorm the ſoul.

" In Naſtronda's° northern plain
" Hark, th' envenom'd portals ope:
" Reſpite there is none of pain,
" Cheerleſs all, without a hope.

" Dog-ey'd Luſt, Adult'ry foul,
" Murder red with many a ſtain,
" At the fatal entrance ſcowl
" Bound in adamantine chain.

" Mark the houſe; if right we deem,
" 'Tis of ſcales ſerpèntine built;
" Round it brawls a turbid ſtream:
" Mortal, ſuch th' abode of guilt.

" Knowſt thou now what's done above?
" Knowſt thou now the deeds of Night?"
They ſpoke: the feaſt of joy and love
Glow'd on Inda's gliſt'ring height.

° The place of puniſhment for the wicked.

ODE

ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT THE

TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

ARGUMENT.

HERVOR repairs to the tomb of her Father Argantyr, at the dead of night, and invokes his ſpirit to deliver up the magical ſword, TRIFINGUS, which was buried with him.

ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR[p].

HERVOR.

THY daughter calls: Argantyr, break
The bonds of death; ſhe calls, awake:
Reach me forth the temper'd blade
Beneath thy marble pillow laid,
Which once a ſcepter'd warrior bore,
Forg'd by dwarfs[q] in years of yore.
Where are the ſons of Angrim fled?
Mingled with the valiant dead.
From under twiſted roots of oak
Blaſted by the thunder's ſtroke,
Ariſe, ariſe, ye men of blood,
Ye who prepar'd the vulture's food;
Give me the ſword and ſtudded belt,
Armies whole their force have felt;

[p] See Hickes's Theſaurus Septentrional. Vol. I.

[q] Dwarfs or *Nani*, in the northern ſenſe, anſwer to Cyclops. *Hickes's Theſaurus.*

Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
Your name your deeds alike forgot:
Argantyr, rouſe thee from thy reſt;
Hear, and grant thy child's requeſt.

ARGANTYR.

Daughter, I hear the magic ſound
That wakes the tenants of the ground:
Why callſt thou thus? What dire intent
Is within thy boſom pent?
No friendly hand, no parent, gave
My bones to reſt in hallow'd grave;
To me no ſacred rite was paid;
Here by barbaric hands convey'd,
In this manſion cold, forlorn,
My gloomy ghoſt ſhall ever mourn.
Think not by unceaſing pray'r
Hence the charmed ſword to bear;
For know, above in realms of light,
Trifingus is another's right.

HERVOR.

Ha! my ſire, what words accurſt
Have from the lip of falſehood burſt?

Thou

Thou knowſt with thee in darkneſs laid
Sleeps the conſecrated blade:
Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

With awe my words prophetic hear;
Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear:
The fates have ſeal'd thy offspring's doom[r];
Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

HERVOR.

Talk not to me of future times;
I ſwear, by force of magic rhymes,
Repoſe the dead ſhall know no more,
Till thou the gifted ſword reſtore.

ARGANTYR.

Maid, thy warlike ſoul I bleſs,
Who rov'ſt by night in armed dreſs,
With ſpell-wrought helmet iron proof,
And garments wove in myſtic woof;

[r] Argantyr here prophecies the death of the future ſons of his yet virgin daughter, Hervor.

Who dar'ſt in thrilling accents call
The dead from their ſepulchral hall.

HERVOR.

No more this idle converſe hold;
Once I thought thy ſpirit bold:
Give me forth the radiant brand;
Hear, and grant my juſt demand.
Know, my ſire, th' appointed hour,
And dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

Here within the fated ſheath
Hialmar's ruin lies beneath,
Wrapt in its own terrific flame:
What maid but trembles at the name?

HERVOR.

I tremble not—the flame, though bright,
Is but ineffectual light,
That plays around the buried corſe
With meteor glare devoid of force:
I'll graſp the ſword in terror dreſt,
And give thy gloomy ſpirit reſt.

ARGANTYR.

Raſh virgin, to thy pray'r I yield:
Lo TRIFINGUS ſtands reveal'd[s]!
Blazing like the noon-day ſun.—

HERVOR.

King of men, 'tis nobly done:
This blade with rapt'rous joy I own
A greater gift than Norway's throne.

ARGANTYR.

Fond exulting daughter, know
Theſe tranſports work thee laſting woe;
By the dread ſword ('tis thus decreed)
Thy ſons, e'en Hydreks' ſelf, ſhall bleed.

HERVOR.

I muſt to my ſhips repair;
Battle is the warrior's care:
If in the purple fount of life
They ſteep the ſteel in mortal ſtrife,
By no ignoble ſtroke they fall,
And ſink with joy to Odin's hall.

[s] Here the ſword is delivered to Hervor from the tomb.

Hie

ARGANTYR.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane;
Touch but the blade, a warrior dies,
There quick-ſpeeding poiſon lies;
Thou art of a race divine,
Take the gift the gods aſſign.

HERVOR.

Never ſhall Trifingus ſleep,
But move with deſolating ſweep;
Never fear invade my breaſt,
Nor dying ſons my peace moleſt;
If by Trifingus' ſtroke they fall,
They ſink with joy to Odin's hall.

ARGANTYR.

Hark, e'en now with ſullen moan
Victims twelve beneath thee groan:
Armed in paternal might
Go forth, my child, and dare the fight;
Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine;
Take the gift the gods aſſign.

HERVOR.

Now, in the ſilence of the tomb,
Dwell undiſturb'd till final doom:
I muſt tread my deſtin'd road,
And ſpeed me from this drear abode;
For here, as ſtill my ſteps I turn,
Flaky fires around me burn.

ODE

ODE IV.

AN INCANTATION

FOUNDED ON

THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,
Spirits of exalted worth;
By the ſilence of the night,
By ſubtle magic's ſecret rite;
By Pèolphan murky King,
Maſter of th' enchanted ring;
By all and each of hell's grim hoſt
Howling demon, tortur'd ghoſt;
By each ſpell and potent word
Burſt from lips of Glauron's Lord;
By Coronzon's awful power;
By the dread and ſolemn hour,
When Gual fierce and Damael ſtrong
Stride the blaſt that roars along;
Or in fell deſcending ſwoop,
Bid the furious ſpirit ſtoop
O'er deſolation's gloomy plain,
Haunt of warriors battle-ſlain.

Now

Now the world in ſleep is laid,
THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the ſable feline coat,
Spotted girdle velvet-wrought;
Mark the ſkin of gliſtening ſnake
Sleeping ſeiz'd in foreſt brake;
Mark the radiant chryſtal ſtone,
On which day's ſovereign never ſhone,
From the cavern dark and deep
Digg'd i'th' hour of mortal ſleep;
Mark the croſs, in myſtic round
Meetly o'er the ſandal bound,
And the ſymbols grav'd thereon,
Holieſt Tetragrammaton!
Now while midnight torches gleam,
Rivals of the Moon's pale beam,
On ocean's unfrequented ſhore
Some moſs-grown ruin ſilvering o'er,
I ſcatter round this charmed room
The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume,
And bending o'er this conſecrated ſword,
Confirm each murmur'd ſpell, each inly-thrilling word.

ODE I.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM,

SEU

INTERITUS MUNDI.

BARTHOLINUS DE CAUSIS CONTEMPTÆ MORTIS APUD DANOS. L. II. C. 14.

Hrymr ekr auſtau, &c.

HRYMUS (gigas quidam) ab ortu aurigat;
Intumeſcit mare:
Volutat ſe lormungandus (anguis terram ambire creditus)
Furore giganteo.
Anguis maria movet;
Aquila vero clangit,
Dilaniat cadavera lurido roſtro.
Nafglar (navis) ſolvitur.

Navis ab ortu venit;
Aderunt Muſpelli,
Per mare incolæ;
Lokus vero gubernat.
Incedunt furentes populi,
Cum lupo omnes;
Illiſcum frater
Beleipi prodit.

Quid novi apud Deos geritur?
Quid apud Genios?
Fragore perſonat totus gigantum mundus.
Dii in foro verſantur;

Gemunt

Gemunt nani
Ante lapidearum habitationum oſtia,
Lapideorum meatuum gnari;
Noſtin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

Surtur ab Auſtro prodit,
Igne comitante;
Radiat ſolis inſtar, enſis
Deorum bellacium.
Saxa ruinam minantur:
Fœminæ giganteæ vagantur;
Calcant viam Helæ:
Diffinditur cœlum.

Tunc evenit Hlinæ
Dolor ſecundus;
Quando Odinus prodit
Ad dimicandum cum lupo;
Occiſorque Belæ,
Candidus cum ſurto:
Tum Friggæ
Cadet maritus.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Odini,
Vidarus, ut pugnet
Cum ſtragis animali (lupo.)
Curat ſobolis giganteæ
Inſiſtere
Gladium cordi:
Tum patris mortem ulciſcitur.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Lodinæ;
Incedit Odini filius
Ut cum lupo (ſeu fratre lupi Iormungando) dimicet;

Magnâ

Magnâ audaciâ
Occidit midguardicum anguem.
Viri omnes
E mundo evacuabuntur.

Latrat Garmus valde
Ante Guipenſe antrum ;
Rumpentur catenæ,
Et proruet lupus.
Progreditur paſſus novem
Fyorginæ proles,
Triſtis ab angue
Mala facere non timido.

Nigreſcit ſol ;
Immergitur mari tellus :
Diſpareſcunt e cælo
Serenæ ſtellæ :
Sævit ignis
Sub ſæculi extremitatem ;
Lambit aſcendens flamma
Ipſum cœlum.

ODE II.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.

BARTHOLINUS UT SUP.

Ser hon uppkoma, &c.

VIDET illa emergere
Alterâ vice
Terram e mari
Valde viridem;
Labuntur aquæ;
Supervolat aquila,
Quæ in montibus
Piſces capit.

Conveniunt Dii
In Idæ[t] campo;
Et de dirutis habitaculis
Validis loquuntur;
Ibique mentionem faciunt
Magnorum colloquiorum,
Et Odini
Antiquorum ſermonum.

Ibi deinde
Mirabiles orbes
Deaurati aleatorii
In gramine invenientur,
Quos olim poſſederant
Rector deorum,
Et Odini progenies.

[t] Indæ. V. Lect.

Ferent

Ferent non ſati
Agri fructum :
Adverſa quævis ceſſent ;
Aderit Balderus.
Incolent Balderus et Hodus
Odini dirutas ædes,
Bene bellaces Dii.
Noſtin' adhuc quid rei geritur ;

Domum ſtare videt
Sole clariorem
Auro tectam
In Gimli ;
Ibi probi
Populi habitabunt,
Et per ſæcula
Gaudio fruentur.

Tum prodit potens ille,
Inſtante divino judicio,
Validus e ſupernis
Qui omnia regit ;
Hic ſententiam fert,
Et cauſas dirimit,
Sacra fata ſtatuit,
Quæ durabunt.

Advenit fuſcus
Draco volans,
Anguis aſper ab imis
Nidenſibus montibus ;
Pennis ſuis fertur ;
Pervolat campum
Nidhoggus mortuorum.
Nunc illa terra abſorbetur.

Domum ſtare videt
A ſole remotam
In Naſtronda[u];
Fores boream ſpectant;
Diſtillant veneni guttæ
Intro per feneſtras:
Hæc contexta eſt domus
Spinis ſerpentinis.

Ibi vadare videt
Rapida fluenta
Viros perjuros,
Et nefarios,
Et qui alteriùs vellicant
Aurem conjugis.
Rodebat ibi Nidhoggus cadavera;
Laniavit lupus viros.
Noſtin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

[u] The Gothic Hell is termed Niſlheim. In Goranſon's Latin verſion of the Edda, Hiſt. 1ma, is the following paſſage: "In medio Niſlhemii eſt fons nomine Hvergelmer. Hinc profluunt amnes hiſce celebrati nominibus Angor, Gaudii Remora, mortis Habitatio, Celerrima Perditio et Vetuſta, Vagina, Procella Sæva, Vorago, Stridor et Ululatus, Late Emanans, Vehementer Fremens, portas inferni alluit.——This is evidently the Platonic Inferno in Virgil.

ODE

ODE III.

HICKES THESAURUS SEPTENTRIONALIS, Vol. I. p. 193.

Metro haud multum diſſimili carmina ſua ſcripſit Scaldus ille, auctor libri, cui titulus HERVARER SAGA (quem edidit cl. Olaus Verelius) ut conſtat ex dialogo illo inter Hervarem et Argantyri patris ſui manes, à quo ad tumulum ſtans, ut TRIFINGUM gladium cum eo ſepultum daret, rogat.

HERVOR.

WAFNADU ARGANTYR, &c.

HERVOR.

AWAKE, Argantyr; Hervor, the only daughter of thee and Suafu doth awaken thee. Give me out of the tomb the hardened ſword which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama. Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Argantyr, with helmet and coat of mail and a ſharp ſword: with ſhield and acoutrements, and bloody ſpear, I wake you all under the roots of trees. Are the ſons of Andgrym, who delighted in miſchief, now become duſt and aſhes? Can none of Eyvor's ſons now ſpeak with me, out of the habitations of the dead? Harvardur, Hiovardur! So may you all be within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up to putrify among inſects, unleſs you deliver me the ſword which the dwarfs made, and the glorious belt!

ARGANTYR.

Daughter Hervor, full of ſpells to raiſe the dead, why doſt thou call ſo? Wilt thou run on to thy own miſchief? Thou art mad, and out of thy ſenſes, who art deſperately reſolved to waken dead men. I was not buried either by father, or other

other friends. Two which lived after me, got Tirfing, one of whom is now poſſeſſor thereof.

HERVOR.

Thou doſt not tell the truth: So let Odin hide thee in the tomb, as thou haſt Tirfing by thee. Art thou unwilling, Argantyr, to give an inheritance to thy only child?

ARGANTYR.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to paſs: this Tirfing will, if thou doſt believe me, deſtroy almoſt all thy offspring. Thou ſhalt have a ſon who afterwards muſt poſſeſs Tirfing, and many think that he will be called Heidrek by the people.

HERVOR.

I do by enchantments make, that the dead ſhall never enjoy reſt, unleſs Argantyr deliver me Tirfing.

ARGANTYR.

Young maid, I ſay thou art of manlike courage, who doſt rove about by night to tombs, with ſpear engraved with magical ſpells, with helmet and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tomb the workmanſhip of the dwarfs, which hates all coats of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.

ARGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my ſhoulders; it is all wrapt up in fire; I know no maid in any country, that dares this ſword take in hand.

HERVOR.

I ſhall keep and take in my hand the ſharp ſword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the ſight of deceaſed men.

ARGANTYR.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad. Rather than thou in a moment ſhouldeſt fall into the fire, I will give thee the ſword out of the tomb, young maid, and not hide it from thee.

HERVOR.

Thou doſt well, thou offspring of Heroes, that thou didſt ſend me the ſword out of the tomb. I am now better pleaſed, O Prince! to have it, than if I got all Norway.

ARGANTYR.

Falſe woman, thou doſt not underſtand, that thou ſpeakeſt fooliſhly of that in which thou doſt rejoice. For Tirfing ſhall, if thou wilt believe me, maid, deſtroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I muſt go to my ſeamen. Here I have no mind to ſtay longer. Little do I care, O Royal Friend! what my ſons hereafter quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Take and keep Hialmar's bane, which thou ſhalt long have and enjoy. Touch but the edges of it, there is poiſon in both of them: it is a moſt cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR.

I ſhall keep and take in hand the ſharp ſword which thou haſt let me have: I do not fear, O ſlain Father! what my ſons hereafter may quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Farewell, daughter! I do quickly give thee twelve men's death, if thou canſt believe with might and courage; even all the goods that Andgrym's ſons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you ſafe in the tomb. I muſt begone and haſten hence, for I ſeem to be in the midſt of a place where fire burns round about me.

FINIS.